#### "MILLENNIAL MILL."

Story of One Millionaire.

old Jonas Flatcher lay down to dia. years of life spent in money getfelt for the first time the full sigof the bitter proverb he had heard e are no pockets in the shroud ! "

ad accumulated a great fortune, and now remained to him was the privigiving it away; a privilege which the o him. If he could so invest his that it should continue to roll on and se in bulk, adding to the renown of his through future years, it would mirigate ne measure his pain at leaving it. If by me measure his pain at leaving it. If by cunningly drawn will his dead hand i actually manage the property long that hand had forgotten its cunning in dust of the tomb, the thought would n his dying pillow. But as the failing onaire could neither control his property er, nor take it with him, he bequeathed it sonly son: calculated mechanically how light have made the sum larger; fretted y at the thought of its possible dispersion as: gave careful counsel as to its managent, and then turned his face to the wall lied, as poor a man, at last, as any panattling in the city cart to the Potter's

so it happened that Harold Fletcher, in

in so it happened that Harold Fletcher, in hirtieth year, became one of the richest in his native city, on leaving college he did not buy at nor a stable of fast horses; he neithered an amateur coach club nor went to ope. He entered his father's counting and took a regular position, working ray up until he had mastered the busificom the drudgery and routine to the tore of traditions, principles, rules and me that enter into the management of a hamfacturing and mercantile house, we end of three years Harold was made wand intrusted with an important cent of the business. He might have adminal connection and an ornamental man before; but he would as soon have night of buying a diploma at college as of ing a position that he had not earned, or

ig a position that he had not earned, or ming responsibilities with no knowledge their proper discharge, it Harold Fletcher knew what was going out of this self-sufficient little corner of Union. He studied the conditions of and tendencies of popular freeing in the erent classes. He went into the workps and homes of the people, as well as the streets, the marts, the clubs and the els. And what he saw and learned consed the habit of thoughtfulness that had led upon him after the great sorrow ch left his young life in a perpetual dow.

dow.

few days after he came into the possessof his property, and while the weight of
new burden still rested consciously and
ser oppressively upon him, he met Arthur
oke, an artist friend whom he had known
his college days; a man who belonged to
Epicurean school when he had money in
prockets and to the Steins when these pockets, and to the Stoics when those re-wacles were empty—as happened to be the e the greater part of the time—but who s a philosopher slways. And how do you like the Crossus business

ar as you have gone?" asked he, after the repriate greetings had been exchanged. I can't say that I have gone far enough et out of my bewilderment, as yet," rad the heir. 'ell, what will you do with it?"

that do you suppose ?" retorted Harold, a slight smile, and looking into his d's face with a sudden flash of interest

is eyes.

Oh, there are but three courses: Either cut
ell and spend it like a foot—which you
t do, though it's rather the commonest t do, though it's rather the commenest r. Or let some wise uncle or prudent yer invest it for you, and settle down to not the income as the head of a family of pectable neodles, earning nothing and donothing, and being nothing except a perbulating money bags. Or go to work like summy engine or a galley stew for the rest your natural life, to make each million your natural life, to make each million — and so lengthen your obituary notice see inches in the papers when you and bequeath a row to your relatives if at pickings to the lawyers. You has it money and you takes your choice. " ghed the cynical Bohemian, as though he oyed immensely his own freedom from the juried dilemma.

But what is your ides," persisted Harold, nat would you do, now, if you had a lon of dollars? That's my perplexity, easy to be wise hypothetically. Be kind igh to drop a little wisdom in my be-

What—would—I—do—if—I—had—s—lion—dollars?" returned the artist, slowly, id get it all together in one spot, the first ig, where I could look at it. I'd sit up hit. I'd jingle it. I'd count it. I'd have he a dinner party—but this isn't exactly liom; not in chunks, at least," said he, cking himself. "I suppose I should try devise some way to take care of it, the thing, for riches have wings, you know." Yes, I've heard something of that sort," lied Harold, a little drylv." Now the only at least and feet as well as wings. That's as as I've got."
Hauds and feet as well as wings. That's as as I've got." Why, yes, to be sure, it, of course. And so confounded swift I've never been able to catch up with makes grim Death's grip a mere butter-touch."

"A gueer fellow." mused Arthur, as he ilked on alone. "But he never did seem have any large ideas as to what could be to out of monay. Riches have hands and

feet, sh? Give themselves away, I suppose — or walk off, more likely! Well, as it's a riddle I give it up. By the way, how denced dull that I didn't think to ask a loan of fifty. The young Cresus would have had that much less to perplex him. I'll just step in and take a bite on the strength of not forgetting it the next time I meet him."

the strength of not forgetting it the next time I meet him."

And the young man with large ideas as to the use of meney, but with the common lack of means to put them into practice, diseppeared in a popular cafe.

A month later, as Harold Fletcher walked down the street of the factory town where the mill stood, to whose management he had succeeded, he did not appear at all like a man who was given to perplexing himself over riddles. He would certainly not have been taken for a reformer with the responsibility of the universe resting on his shoulders. He did not wear his hair long, nor part it in any unusual manner. His clothes were not seedy nor his face thin and preternaturally solemn, nor his eyes wild and rolling. On the contrary, he looked like any well-to-do young business gentleman. He walked with a firm, quick step; took in with a bright, sharp look everything that he passed; had a pleasant smile and friendly greeting for the acquantances whom he met; stood squarely on his feet like a man and looked you as though there were nothing back of those grave blue eves of his that he was afraid to have seen.

Harold had studied the history of the manufactory, and investigated for himself the condition of the workmen; and now he had sent them werd to appoint a committee of their number to confer with him. They had known what hard times meant, under cold Jonas, and heard of the young heir's accession with some hope, not unmingled with suspicion.

"These young chaps, they makes the money fly," said one of the men; "nother

"These young chaps, they makes the money fly," said one of the men; "'nother ten per cent, off, I rockon."

"Hve the young 'un a clience, cawn't ye," growled one of the older leaders, "he cawn't be any worse than old Skinfint."

And so a committee of three, representing Labor, met the President of the corporation, representing Capital.

Labor, met the President of the corporation, representing Capital.

"I have sent for you," he said, after putting them at their case, "to talk about the mill. It was built, as you know, with the money of men who had saved where others spent, risked where others held back and put their dollars to work while others kept their money at the dull business o, earning interest. My father worked at the bench till he was twenty-five. He was a good workman. est. My father worked at the bench till he was twenty-five. He was a good workman with his hands, but better with his brains. He got a start by his industry, his temperance and his wits—without pushing anybody else back or injuring a human being. He had the knack of making money. So did two or three others of the hundreds of young fellows who started with him and had an squal chance. He came to love money too well, as men are apt to do who make it by hard work and saving. He was a hard man, you think, but he was just and square.

"Now this mill," continued Harold, "has been a good investment. It has paid those who built and run it. It has given work to five hundred men, and enabled those that were sober and decent to support their families and school their children better than they could do in any other country in the world.

were sober and recent to support their limities and school their children better than they could do in any other country in the world. It has helped all sorts of trade in the village. It has given work and profits to other hundreds of men who furnished the material, transported it here, took it away manufactured and sold it again for a hundred times its original value. You see, a manufactory is something more than a place to earn piece wages and make dividends.

"Well, this mill belongs to its owners. You and all the men must understand that. While I run if, we shall hire whom we please, as we can, where and when we please, and pay what we agree to, without dictation or interference."

There were three dark brows and set faces in the committee.

"A business corporation," continued Hardley in the reserver.

There were three dark brows and set taces in the committee.

"A business corporation," continued Harold, without appearing to notice the sudden cloading of his auditors faces, "a great business of any kind can't be run by a mass meeting. Yet I've heard men who wouldn't trust three cocks over a broth talk about running a mill or a railroad by a show of hands in some sort of caucus. No body needs more than one head, but it needs that. There have been too many sub-heads and other expensive members in this business. On my recommandation," continued the yong President, with a slight emphasis on the last word, and a smile as he spoke it, "the Board of Directors yesterday reduced the salaries of its officers and agents \$45.008. No man can get \$20.000 a year from this concern any

of Directors yesterday reduced the salaries of its officers and agents \$45,000. No man can get \$20,000 a year from this concern any longer—nor \$15,000, nor \$10,000. No man needs it for any rational ways of living. And what they can't earn and don't need they shan't receive.

The dark brows began to clear up.

"Now, to come to the point," continued Harold, pausing to get his thoughts in order, "I want to have you men, and all the men, do better and feel better than you are doing. You ought to be laying up a little something. You ought to be laying up a little something. You ought to bave homes of your own. Your wives and children are entitled to a better chance. I have thought it all over, and I don't see my way clear to giving you a partnership in the profits of the business when you can take no share in the expenses, the risk, the mausacement or the losses. I do not wish anything beyond a fair return on my money invested here. But what is a fair raturn? Suppose this year we make profits warranting a dividend of 20 per cent., and take 10 for the stockholders and divide 10 among the workmen. And next year—and perhaps for four or five years in succession—suppose we make only 3 per cent., or run the mill at a loss, who is to share that with the owners? Such times some to every business. And unless there is a surplus in capital I don't see how large enterprises are to be run. If simple interest is to be the limit of gain in the risk, ordinary men will put their money into bonds or mortgages, won't they?"

The committeemen acted as if they hadn't looked at it long in that light.

[Continued to morrow.]

FULTON MARKET,

City Often Miss-Millions of Pounds of Fish Handled There is a Single Year-They Got to the City by All Ways and Never Glut the Market.

One of the sights that is often overlooked by people visiting this city is the wholesale fish division of Fulton Market. The building itself is a long, two-story, dingy-looking affair running from pier 22 to pier 28 East Biver. It was built in 1878, soon after the fire swept the old market from existence.

The old market was nothing more than collection of ramshackle rookeries that had stood on the spot since the earliest recollection of the oldest New Yorker. The market steelf has been in existence since before the beginning of the present century.

A visit to this place on a Friday morning is highly interesting, as it presents a scene of bustling activity not to be witnessed clse-

where in the city. In the market there are about a score of firms conducting business. They each employ an average of ten hands, and when these belpers get to work and the crowd is increased by a like number of retail dealers, who are there to get their day's stock, the market presents a great sight.

And the fish that are handled in this building! What a quentity! It is estimated that over 35,000,000 pounds passed through the market has year.

market last year.

Little is known of the way in which such a large quantity is obtained. Of course, the largest demand is for codfish, as it is one of

large quantity is obtained. Of course, the largest demand is for codfish, as it is one of the staples and is cheap.

A large portion of the codfish that is sold in Fulton Market is caught on the Jersey coast, off Sandy Hock. The fishing schooners go down once a week and bring up a big load of fish, a large part of which is kept alive until sold.

The fish are kept alive by putting them in a tank—called a well—which is built in the hold of the vessel, These wells will hold hundreds of codfish weighing from four to ten pounds each. The dead fish are packed in chopped ice and frozen.

The boats land in the market slip and unload, which usually takes a couple of days, and they then return to the place they hailed from.

Some vessels come from the Eastern coast, up along Nantucket, and then it takes them three weeks to make a round trip.

These vessels are owned by the marketmen as a rule, but there are some that are owned by the skippers themselves. If owned by the skippers themselves. If owned by the skippers themselves. If owned by the skippers themency.

This commission merchant sells to the best advantage and either forwards the fishermen their money by mail or by express. The commission merchant sells to the best advantage and either forwards the fishermen their money by mail or by express. The commission merchant gets a percentage for his work, which includes storage, cost of removal and pay for his services.

The amount obtained for the cargo depends wholly upon the state of the market. If there is a large supply prices are low, and vice versa.

If the New York market is short of any.

wholly upon the state of the market. If there is a large supply prices are low, and vice versa.

If the New York market is short of anything a telegraphic despatch to Boston will bring the desired amount inside of twenty-four hours. The fish are then brought in a train from Boston as far as the Harlem River, and from that point transferred to the market in a little boat. When brought by way of the railroad the fish are packed in boxes holding 400 or 500 pounds each.

Fancy fish are received from all points of the United States and Canada, from all kinds of people, and in consignments of from twenty-five peunda-to-twenty-five barries.

Some are sent by men who make fishing a regular business, and a good quantity is received from people who fish for amusement.

There are several stock companies in the Eastern States, who employ hundreds of men in the business. They send them off in the interior and tell them to return at a certain time, but the Fulton Market fishmougers deal with them very lightly.

The supply in Fulton Market fishmougers deal with them very lightly.

The supply in Fulton Market comes from points extending up into the interior of Canada and in our own lakes, rivers and ponds, but the largest amount comes from the shores.

From Canada we get eels, bass, smelts and salmon in abundance. From Oregon and Washington Territory a large amount of sal-

red snapper and Spanish mackerel. All the
fish are first frozen and then put in boxes.
In warm weather the boxes are expressed,
but in cold weather they come by freight.
Lobsters are caught outside Sandy Hook,
in vessels, landed at the pier and put in
floats. They are also received from the East.
Turtles are brought up on the decks of
coastwise steamers from Havana. All of
this great supply has to be distributed and
gotten rid of. Nobody in the wholesale market sells at retail, but they sell to retail dealers in any quantity.

All the first-class retail dealers buy their
stock on Thursday, but on Friday the greatest bus ness is transacted.

No matter how large the supply bappens to
be, there is never a glut in the market. What
cannot be sold in the regular way can be disposed of to peddlers. If prices are low they
will huy any quantity, sand if high the retail
dealers will buy.
Fulton Market is a great shipping point.
Fishmongers all over the country look to the
Fulton hiarket for their supply, which they
order either by telegraph or by mail.

For many years the White House table has
been supplied with fish that was sent from
New York. The market in Boston sells a
larger amount of fish, but she looks to New
York to supply her with a greater variety
than she can procure elsewhere.

The Fulton Fish Market is controlled by
an organization of the dealers, known as the
Fulton Fishmongers' Association. The Association helds a lease on the building and

WHERE WE GET OUR FISH.

piers, with an unexpired term of eighteen years.

Not much business is done in cysters and clams, as this branch of the business is carried on at the foot of West Tenth street and and at Broome street and the East River.

THIS DOG COULD REASON.

He Bided His Time Until He Caught His Enemy at a Diendrantage.

(From the Pittsburg Press,1 In Youngstown, not a great while ago, Henry Tod, son of famous old Gov. Tod. owned a handsome Newfoundland dog. Mr. Tod, at the time I speak of, lived near his furnaces. Nearby, clustered together on what

furnaces. Nearby, clustered together on what is known as Brier Hill, were a number of furnace hands' dwellings.

The most notable member of one of the households in this neighborhood was a large buildog, square of jaw and suriy of disposition. He used to sit ou the doorstep and show his teeth to strangers, whether they happened to be human or canime.

One day a small nondescript pup, a terrier of doubtful parentage, whose residence was not far from Mr. Tod and his Newfoundland dog, chanced to be taking the air and anything else he could get in the bailiwick of the buildog. The latter was particularly ill. humored that morning and no sooner did he cast eyes on the small pup than he gave chase, caught the poor little fellow and chewed him up pretty thoroughly before he let him go.

cast eyes on the small pup than he gave chase, caught the poor little fellow and chewed him up pretty thoroughly before he let him go.

Yelping at the top of his small voice the nondescript pup hurried lamely home. Mr. Tod's Newfoundland was on the street as the abused dog passed. They had always been great friends. Big dogs. I've noticed, are very apt to make alliance with the smallest of their fellows, even as the same phenomenon may be observed among men. Well, the big dog observed the lacerated and touzled body of his small friend, snd., if you believe that dogs can communicate with each other, a conversation between the two ensued. Anyway, from that day forth the big Newfoundland and the nondescript were stancher friends than ever. It was dry weather, and they constantly ran mock races together and rolled about in the deep dust.

A few davs after the encounter in which the ill-tempered bulldog abused the small terrier so shamefully there came a spell of stormy weather. The foodgates of heaven were opened and the rain descended heavily for hours. The gullies which intersect the glopes on Brior Hill were filled with water. They were noisy streams, two or three feet deep, in less than no time.

The Newfoundland dog and the small terrier were observed at this seemingly inauspicious season to set out together towards the houses in one of which the buildog lived. When they came close to the houses the terrier were observed at this seemingly inauspicious season to set out together towards the houses in one of which the buildog lived. When they came close to the houses the terrier were observed at this neemingly inauspicious season to set out together towards the houses the terrier were observed at the shellenge, for such it seemed to be, and walked slowly, with the stately determination in his manner peculiar to his bread, towards the Newfoundland. There were no preliminaries to the fierce fight which began at one. The Newfoundland the bread towards the Newfoundland didn't make any attempt to shake off his antago

who saw the fight, it seemed as if the Newfoundland was trying to escape by flight, for he ran off as soon as the buildog got his grip. The buildog hung on, and the Newfoundland ran until he was at the bank of one of the deep guilles to which reference has been made. The Newfoundland didn't stop at the bank, however. He jumped into the stream, which speedily rolled him and the clinging buildog over and over.

This was fun for the rater dog, but depressing if not deadly for his companion. A minute later the Newfoundland energed from the gully, but the buildog no longer hung from his neek. By the time the Newfoundland rejoined the small terrier, who had been an interested and anxious observer of the fight and its sequel, the buildog also scrambled out of the torrent.

Ent the buildog was not asking for more But the building was not asking for more fight. He was half drowned, and a more muddy, bedraggled, forlarn object never was

time, but the Fulton Market fishmongers deal with them very lightly.

The supply in Fulton Market comes from points extending up into the interior of Canada and in our own lakes, rivers and ponds, but the largest amount comes from the shores.

From Canada we get eels, bass, smelts and salmon in abundance. From Oregon and Washington Territory a large amount of salmon is received. Pensacoia, Fla, supplies red snapper and Spanish mackerel. All the fish are first frozen and then put in boxes.

In warm weather the house statement of the supplies red snapper and Spanish mackerel. All the fish are first frozen and then put in boxes.

[From Puck.]

[From Puck,]

'! Young man, do you use tobacco?"

The apeaker was a batched-faced female, with her arms full of tracts, and the youth happened to be waiting at a corner for a street-car.

'No, mum, I don', said the young man with a questioning giance, as she did not look like a person who would want to borrow a little fire.

'Do you drink?'

'No, mum."

'Play cavils?"

'No, mum."

'I am deligated to meet you, sir. In these degenerate days, young men of your correct habits are scarce, very scarce, If I send you an invitation to my next party, will you come?"

'Yes, mum."

'Thank you. I should like you to meet my friends and family. Where shall I send it?"

'To Piugugly's saloon. I'm bartender there,"

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Pinlay Place—I see the New York Wonld is now debating the question, "Saould Women Propose?" What do you think, Bood?"

Boody House—Depends upon the woman. Feminine Inconsistency.

[From the Toledo Blade.]
A Minnespolis lady is down with the lookjaw caused by chewing-gum. And yet the wives and aisters of every home in this broad land are talk-ing to men about tobacco!

THE HOSPITABLE TWO KELS.

Mirth and Goodfellowship Prevail Until at Early Morning Hour-Friends Who Con-gratulated Personally and by Telegram -The Brent Was a Booming Success in Every Particular.

The two Kels-Capt Mike and Umpire John-were the happiest men in town last night. Their new saloon, at Thirty-first street and Sixth avenue, was formally opened, and there was a great time.

The two proprietors, dressed in neat Prince Albert suits, extended accordia: welcome to all who called to wish them well, and were congratulated until their faces beamed their

congratulated until their faces beamed their utmost with pleasure.

A description of their newly fitted resort was published in The Evenino World. It is a very attractive place and will be mighty convenient to the baseball men and sports in general who will congregate there this Winter in jolly goodfellowship.

About thirty-five friends of the Kels from Boston attended the opening.

Among them were William Conant, a director of the Boston Baseball Club; Dan Murphy, Sullivan's old trainer; Albert Simmons, agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Boston, and John Graham.

Simmons, agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Boston, and John Graham.

In the smoking-room, back of the barroom, hung large pictures of Mike and John on either side of a rickly framed picture of John L. Sullivan.

The pictures of the two Kels were presented to them by Boston friends.

But what seemed to take Mike Kelly's fancy above all else was an Expert Columbia bleyele, which his friends, Jordan Marsh & Co., the Boston dry-goods men, presented to him for making more runs than any other player in the Boston Club. Mike will use the machine to keep his muscles in good trim.

The opening entertainment was at its best just before midnight. A sumptuous spread had been laid on a long table in the parlor, directly over the salcon proper, and at this time a crowd of good-natured men were making attacks on it with marked effect.

Among those who enjoyed the genial propristors' hospitality, besides the Bostonians mentioned, were President Day, Manager Mutrie. Pets Conway, pitcher of the Detroit Club this year; Fred Dunlap, of the Pittsburgs, and "Josco" Fields, also of Pittsburgs.

It was much regretted that Sullivan,

burg.

It was much regretted that Sullivan, Mitchell and Kilrain were unable to be around to represent the ring.

John L. sent a telegram of congratulations, and Charley and Jake sent pleasant letters, wishing all kinds of success. The only thing to suggest pugitism was a large picture of Jack McAuliffe, which hung in the smoking-room.

Telegrams of congratulation were received from George Pezurri, a prominent sporting man of New Orleans: C. W. H. Sanborn, of Poston; L. H. Lyford, of Omaha; J. J. Murphy, the billiard-room man, of Boston, and many others.

The fun lasted until towards morning, and

The Wall of the British Maiden

The Wail of the British Maidem.

[Prom Puck.]
On! take away the Yankee girl,
We cahe't endure her manners—
She wears her hair in friz and curl,
She's dressed in spanugled banners.
Her brain is large, her foot is small,
Her waist is small and taper,
She's voted by the Frince and all
To be the "proper caper."
But, oh! we cahu't endure her style—
She's lond and independent,
She's "tailor-made" and siangy, while
Her stockings are respiendent.
No more can we, with all our arts,
Draw dute or carl anigh us—
She captures coronets and hearts,
Hecause her pa could buy us,

## FORMAL OPENING OF THEIR NEW BIXTH MAX STADLER & CO.

SUPERIOR CLOTHING

1-3 ONE-THIRD ORIGINAL VALUE. SPECIAL NOTICE TO CLOTHING BUYERS

ON ACCOUNT OF THE UNSEASONABLE WEATHER WE

#### FINE OVERCOATS AND SUITS.

This Is the Way We Slash Our Prices: 7.300 MEN'S CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS.

warranted all wool Satin Lined; regular price \$28,00, now - 9.598 3.775 MEN'S KERSEY OVERCOATS. all colors, elegantly trimmed, Velvet Collars, WORTH \$30

WE HAVE SELECTED 5,157 MEN'S ELECANT OVERCOATS.

of the best Foreign and Domestic Woollens, comprising Kerseys, Chinchillas, Whitneys, Montagnacs, Wide Wales, Diagonals, &c., silk and satin lined, &c., previously sold at \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$45, and RE-

\$15.00 Fifteen Dollars. \$15.00 CUT DOWN: OUR CHEVIOT SUITS. previously sold at \$18, \$20 and \$25, REDUCED to

Ten Dollars. Also MEN'S CORKSCREW SUITS, previously sold at \$20,

A HACK AT HIGH GRADE SUITS. Thousands of Men's Fine Suits of the finest Woollens manufactured by us to sell at \$35, \$45 and \$50, REDUCED during this sale to

\$15.00 Fifteen Dollars. \$15.00 ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME do we offer our HIGH GRADE SUITS and OVERCOATS at the

NOW IS THE TIME to get a first-class ULSTER at little cost. We have a few hundred marked to sell at \$20, \$25 and \$30, REDUCED to \$10.00 DURING THIS SALE.
MEN'S PEA JACKETS and VESTS, previously sold at \$8,
S5.00

CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS.

Elegant Garments, formerly sold at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00, now marked \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00. CHILDREN'S SUITS.

4 to 14 years, in Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres, Cheviots, Diagonals, Tricots, Corkscrews, &c., formerly \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00; now marked \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

#### MAX STADLER & CO.

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FOLDING-BEDS

has been so unparalleled that we have decided to SELL DIRECTLY TO THE PUBLIC. We can please you in Price. We can please you in Style. Our Prices range from

**88 TO \$350.** 

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BROOKLYN STORE, West 14th St., 609 & 611 Fulton St OPPOSITE FLATBUSH AVE.

Folding - Bed

### BRET HARTE'S GREATEST STORY, "CRESSY."

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

A Capital Letter from Frank Carpenter.

SHALL WOMEN PROPOSE? **NELLIE BLY'S INTERVIEWS.** 

# A Scintillating Number

White Slaves of New York. **NELL NELSON'S EXPERIENCE** 

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LAUGHS AT MEN'S DRESS.

Hawthorne, Fawcett, Saltus and Others.

A Great Issue Packed Full of Brilliant Features.